"Ireland" With Two Endings—Both Happy?

KIPLING wrote two endings for his novel *The Light That Failed*—a happy ending in response to the demand, and the unhappy ending originally conceived. It made some confusion and not a little noise when, for example, two young women started in to discuss the story between sales or short orders or dictations and one had read one ending and the other the other.

Similarly Francis Hackett has provided two endings, or beginnings, for his book on *Ireland*, and since any book on Ireland is sure to start a discussion readers should be careful to note which edition they are reading, the edition (June, 1918,) in which Mr. Hackett advocates dominion home rule for Ireland as the "democratic minimum," or the edition (July, 1919,) in which he names as the "irreducible minimum" an Irish republic. For the convenience of readers Mr. Hackett's publisher has put up in the corner of the new edition of his book "Irish Republic Edition."

The two editions are as identical as allied notes, with the exception of the preface to the new edition. Anybody who has the deplorable habit of skipping prefaces would therefore miss the point, which is that Mr. Hackett, who in June, 1918, was energetically advocating governmental cooperation on the part of Ireland with Britain, in July, 1919, with equal energy demands for Ireland complete separation and a clean slate of her own—Ulster or no Ulster.

In 1918 Mr. Hackett wrote:

"With the establishment of dominion home rule Ireland may look for whatever good there is to be found in parliamentary government, and not the least of the good may be a certain healthy disillusion. Some women have gone through divorce and remarriage only to discover through their experience of a second husband that many of the first husband's faults were mere average masculinity. Ireland may discover that a good many of the defects of English rule were simply the average defects of all rule, with perhaps a superior technique to England's credit."

In 1919 Mr. Hackett says the same, with, however, the following reservation, or direct amendment, in the preface: "The union between Ireland and England was a union by force and fraud, and it is repudiated."

In 1918 writes Mr. Hackett, "I admit that I considered the will of Ulster an obstacle to Irish self-determination." He was of the opinion, in 1918, that the million Unionists had at least a "squatter's claim," which could not be ignored. In 1919, however, he finds that "the Unionists had no more democratic claim than the Tories had in the American colonies."

In June, 1918, Mr. Hackett believed the rebellion would represent a crisis in Irish affairs for a long time to come. He did not think the Irish republic, as a "concrete popular ideal," would so soon follow. Perhaps Mr. Hackett underestimated the influence of his own book, since he wrote of the Dominion Home Rule edition: "I must quickly assert that I was not so ambitious as to hope for direct results from this book."

Whatever brought about the change in Mr. Hackett's views, everybody will give him credit for considerable nimbleness. Although looking back, he now says in the new preface that the failure of the Irish Convention in 1917 destroyed the last hope of constitutionalism; he did not realize this when he wrote his book, first edition, as he explains: "I was not fully informed as to Britain's part in this convention when I wrote of it in these pages."

These frank changes and confessions and admissions, far from reassuring readers, will make them uneasy. Too timid, perhaps, to have an opinion of their own on Ireland, they absolutely depend upon leaders to take them safely through the battle lines. They do not like to think that those to whom they look for guidance would write without being fully informed.

Chiefly, however, Mr. Hackett ascribes his quick changes to the failure of Britain in the war to meet "the supreme test of its principles." He is now inclined to believe that the whole import of his book is "the crime that Britain has committed against democracy in denying self-determination to Ireland." He says Sinn Fein and republicanism were not made in Germany, but in England, with valiant aid from America.

"How did the British Government help to promote Sinn Fein all over Ireland? With the assistance, of course, of Woodrow Wilson. What Ireland needed to become a flaming fire of republicanism was two things—one, the fuel of fresh British tyranny; two, the wind of idealism. Gen. Maxwell first supplied the tyranny and Woodrow Wilson supplied the wind."

Mr. Hackett says he was at first tempted to rewrite his *Ireland*, but decided that the fact that in 1918 "it labored so hard for governmental cooperation with Britain had a greater significance than any new edition could have." It will have a still greater significance and march with the times if still another edition may be forthcoming with perhaps the words "New *Irish Republic* Edition" up in the corner.

In regard to Ulster Mr. Hackett does not quote Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington's admirable suggestion that a trip ticket to England should be given to every Ulsterite, with no return. Perhaps some one will be subtle enough to explain why Mr. Hackett does not mention Skeffington, the freethinker, along with the other martyrs of the Easter rebellion. N. P. D.

IRELAND. Irish Republic Edition. By FRANCIS HACKETT. B. W. Huebsch.

His Mother's Memoir Of a Youth Who Died

WITH Rupert Brooke for the first and most conspicuous spokesman, the youth that was England's six years ago forms a pageant now, and Eton and Winchester, Oxford and Cambridge, gain a new traditional lustre as the meeting places of so much charm and talent, where the arts were in favor along with cricket, as a pretty game. Edward Wyndham Tennant—as is evident in every letter he wrote, every anecdote, every photograph in his mother's memoir of him—represented the embodiment of this type. He left Winchester to enter the Grenadier Guards, and after a year's training went to France to be killed at the battle of the Somme. He was just 19.

Life had been such a graceful performance, with all the world seeming in league to give this especial generation in England a jolly good time of it, that their instinctive gallantry, their very vocabulary, led them to speak of the War, too, as a game. And it was a discovery when the fact that there was such a thing as pain in the world was forced upon them. And their first reaction from the discovery was to conceal it, to refer to it, if at all, with an austere formality, with a hauteur of conventional terms. Thus this particular boy wrote to his mother, on his going to the front: "I think of Death with a light heart and as a friend whom there is no need to fear."

It is more as the type of a class that has grown glorious for its grace that young Tennant is important. As a poet he died too young to be placed with separate emphasis; he must be disposed of as one who had promise. But much promise! As a schoolboy of 17 he handled the difficult ballad form of his *Pan's Stepping Stones* with admirable deftness. I remember that our college English department never expected more of us at that age than a two page theme on *The Pessimism of Thomas Hardy*, with the right number of commas in the right places. The *Westminster Gazette* (the *W. G.* of Rupert Brooke) published many of Tennant's later things. There is his:

Green gardens of Laventie—
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about,
By battle wending feet,
And yet behind one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass,
Look for it when you pass.

Hungry for spring I bend my head
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that lovely little place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered towns,
Away upon the downs.

And what a sudden growing up he must have had from that day in school when he wrote a sonnet to his spaniel to the time of that sonnet a year later, *In Memoriam*, beginning "He looked ahead, he smiled, and then looked back."

It needed a war to give a significance to these favored boys. There was too much soap bubble happiness in the first phase not to draw upon them the suspicion of even the optimistic experienced of this earth. But now, like a balm on the hurt of the war, their romantic memory survives—a memory, at least, no "hungry generations" can tread down.

J. C. M.

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT; A MEMOIR. By his Mother, PAMELA GLENCONNOR. John Lane Company.

In Which a Thankless Tooth Is Extracted

THE January *Bookman's* table of contents, along with most of the names of writers whom readers expect with pleasure in a number of the *Bookman*, includes: Frank Swinnerton, Hys Name—and glad we are to see it; Alexander Woollcott, the ablest dramatic critic of the war—he writes about his fellow *Stars and Striper*, C. Le Roy Baldridge, the artist; Robert C. Benchley and P. G. Wodehouse, both of whom, R. L. S. might have said, are almost too clever to live. But it also contains the following: "Perhaps, or rather doubtless, it is not necessary to remark that the best of Mr. De Casseres's work appears in the *Bookman*." Hmph! Can the *Bookman's* editor gainsay, we wonder, that the most glorious book review ever published on any page was Mr. De Casseres's in *Books and the Book World*, of *Broome Street Straws* by Robert Cortes Holliday?

THE new editor in chief of *Harper's Magazine* is Thomas Bucklin Wells, for many years the associate in editorship of Henry Mills Alden.